

And they looked, and the money was found, and, so far as Mr. Porter was concerned, Glennon was vindicated.

There came a day when to the convalescent Dawson explained everything. The tears of contrition and gratitude were coursing down the cheeks of the wasted face.

"Oh, my friend!" sobbed Glennon; "you have saved me. But I—"

"Will go back to work when you are well enough and forget all about

a temptation that must never come to you again. We only know—"

"And I!" spoke Irene Glennon, stepping into view. "Oh, I would be a slave for life for what you have done for us!"

"Yes, the slave of love—my cherished wife, if you will," spoke Dawson fervently, "together to shield this dear old man from all of evil."

And so, love guarded the secret, and so, Harvey Glennon took to the soul a lesson that purified it.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK IS GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Chapter XLIII.

Dinner tonight was a feast, although Dick ordered a beefsteak. (I'll wager he eats beefsteak six nights out of seven.) I don't particularly care what I eat as long as Dick is pleased with me.

After dinner I said: "Dick, let's go down on the theater car," for I knew he was contemplating a motor trip which I felt we could not afford.

"Sure, if you had just as lief, Margie?" he asked in a somewhat relieved tone.

"I would much rather, my dear boy," I answered. "Besides, we are old married folks now."

"Yes, thank God," said Dick fervently, and then he whispered close to my ear: "Oh, if you only knew, Margie, how much I love you."

"Always, Dick?" I asked.

"Don't you know, you foolish girl, that I do?" he answered. Which I think is Dick's way of not telling me that he does not love me when I disagree with him.

While we were waiting for the car he said in a tone which sounded as though he had never discussed the using of his credit by his mother: "You can use the \$150 to pay mother's bills. I told her today that now that I had a family of my own she would have to stretch father's credit far enough to meet her expenses."

"I'm sorry, Dick, that you had to do this."

"Well, my dear, I can't have you paying my mother's bills out of your money. Can I?"

"You know it will mean more to her than just giving up the money. It will be the breaking of another tie which holds her to her son," I explained, for I knew just how I should feel when the time came for me to give the I hope will be mine to another woman.

"I am afraid you were a little brusque with her, Dick. I hope you did not needlessly hurt her by your manner of saying we must have all our own money now."

"Well, she didn't like it very well. Mother is like many other women; she hates the naked truth as much as she does any other nudity."

"Oh, Dick, I am afraid that she will think I am the bottom of it," I ventured.

"Well, you are, aren't you?" asked Dick with a grin. "I can't support two families—at least on my present salary."

I am never quite able to see anything to laugh at when Dick makes remarks about other marriages, other women or other families in that off-hand manner of his, as though such things were apt to be a part of the average man's affairs, even when I know he does it to see me give a